

To the WORSHIPFUL

JEREMIAH BRIGGS, Esq. MAYOR,
The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgeffes,

And the Rest of the Worthy Inhabitants

of the Town of NORTHAMPTON,

This yearly BILL of MORTALITY is presented,

By their most obedient humble Servant,

SAMUEL WRIGHT.

The BILL of MORTALITY within the Parish of ALL-SAINTS, from the 21st of December, 1792, to the 21st of December, 1793; including Persons (in Number 16) buried at the Meeting in College-Lane; at the Chapel in King's Head Lane, 5; at the Methodists' Chapel, Ditto 0; and at the Quakers' Burying Ground, 1.

DISEASES in the Parish of All-Saints.

Abortive - - - 2	Convulsion - - 3	Fits - - - 5	Jaundice - - - 1	Suddenly - - - 2
Aged - - - 5	Croop - - - 2	Fevers - - - 7	Measles - - - 17	Teeth - - - 2
Cancer - - - 3	Drowned - - - 1	Head-Ach - - - 1	Mortification - - 1	
Consumptions - 26	Dropsy - - - 4	Inflammations - 4	Small-Pox - - - 7	

WHEREOF HAVE DIED,

Under Two Years old 30	Ten and Twenty - 10	Forty and Fifty - 6	Seventy and Eighty - 6
Between Two and Five 13	Twenty and Thirty - 8	Fifty and Sixty - 5	Eighty and Ninety - 1
Five and Ten - 7	Thirty and Forty - 2	Sixty and Seventy - 3	Ninety and an Hundred 0

CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
	Males	Females	Total.	Males	Females
ALL-SAINTS. - -	65	50	115	42	49
St. SEPULCHRE'S.	18	13	31	21	22
St. GILES'S. - -	24	17	41	32	25
St. PETER'S. - -	1	3	4	9	7
In the whole Town.	108	83	191	104	104
The Meeting in St. PETER'S Parish, 9.	Decreased	- -	6	Decreased	- -
					23

De sacris autem hæc fit una sententia, ut conserventur.
CICERO de Legibus.

But let us All concur in this one Sentiment, that
Things SACRED be INVIOLEATE.

HE lives, who lives to GOD alone,
And all are dead beside;
For other Source than GOD is none
Whence Life can be supply'd.

To live to GOD, is to requite
His Love, as best we may,—
To make his Precepts our Delight,
His Promises our Stay:

But Life within a narrow Ring
Of giddy Joys compriz'd,
Is falsely nam'd, and no such Thing,
But rather Death disguis'd.

Can Life in them deserve the Name,
Who only live to prove,
For what poor Toys they can disclaim
An endless Life above?

Who, much diseas'd, yet Nothing feel;
Much menac'd, Nothing dread,

Have Wounds which only GOD can heal,—
Yet never ask his Aid!

Who deem his House an useless Place,
Faith, want of Common Sense,
And Ardour in the Christian-Race,
An Hypocrite's Pretence!

Who trample Order, and the Day
Which GOD asserts His own
Dis honour with unhallow'd Play,
And worship CHANCE alone!

If scorn of GOD's Commands, imprest
On Word and Deed, imply
The better Part of Man unblest
With Life that cannot die—

Such want it;—and that Want uncur'd,
Till Man resign his Breath,
Speaks him a Criminal, assur'd
Of EVERLASTING Death.

Sad Period to a pleasant Course!
Yet so will GOD repay
Sabbaths profan'd without Remorse,
And Mercy CAST away.



Confer